LOYALTIES TEARS

Flowing after the Blood of the ROYAL SUFFERER, CHARLES the I. &c.

——Dabit Indignatio versum.

Blood! and a *King!* and *such a King!* and that
Not shed by Tigres or by Dragons Lawes,
But *Christian humble Loyall Subjects Zeale!* O blot
Out those faint words which on the *Teeth* and *Pawes*
Of *Barbarisme* were grav'd: and in this Nation
For *Salvagenesse's* Names, write *Reformation.*

Come, come, *Amazement*, and attend this *day*
Which lets the powers of *night* and *darknesse* loose:
Which Capitall enacts it, not to say
I justifie my Justice-trampling Foes:
Which writes a Law, and that in Royall Blond,
That *'tis in England, Treason to be Good.*

A *Day* which damnes it as a deadly Crime
To be a King. A *Day* in which the staine
Of *murderous cruelty* those poure on him
Who strove *their butchering fury* to restraine;
Making that Prince a *Tyrant*, who denies
His Subjects but *his leave to Tyrannize.*

A *Day* in which the sacred *Head* offends
By cause he stoops not to the kicking *feet:*
In which Lawes structure rends *Lawes Base* all
By not subverting his *owne* Judgment Seat:
In which it must be grand Impiety
Resolv'd *Defender of the Faith* to be.

O heav'nly-guilty *Charles*! how blessed were
Those Crimes of His; but how unblessed We
Who now so bloudily releas'd are
From the deare Yoke of such sweet tyrannie:
A tyranny which nobly did oppresse
The *Liberties* of none but *wickednesse*!

When *wealth* grown *common*, spoil'd the *Common-wealth*
By her too-full-fed Daughter wanton *Pride*:
And fretfull *Schisme*, having by wise-stealth
Inveigled *Numbers* Power to her side,
Secur'd the *Pulpit-garrisons*, and well
By *Use* and *Doctrine* arm'd the word *Rebell*:

When *slander* first had rrobb'd him of his *reason*,
And from his *Councell* & *Armies* sought to bring him:
When by bold Cannons mouthes more brasen *Treason*
Learn'd to Petition: and when to Un-king him,
Was judg'd the onely way to make him be
A *glorious Monarch*: Then, then *straitned He*

Enter'd his *widest lists of virtue*: where
His looks on *kindest fortune* did display
His *holy bravery*, by which he ne'r
Without a sigh beheld his *bloudy Bay*;
But sadly pondered, how he was constrained
To lose his *Subjects*, when the *feild* he gained.

So when a tender *Father*, forc'd to sheild
Against *rebellious Sonnes* his sacred Right,
By deare successe obtaines a bloudy field;
His slaughter'd Childrens lamentable sight
The Warre upon his Bowels doth renew:
And makes him die for every one he slew.

Heroick Conflicts these! But nobler they
In which as oft He with *Disasters* fought
As with the *Rebels*: though his *Troops* gave way,
His gallant *Patience* ne'r was put to Rout.
Thus in whatever unsuccessfull feild
He lost his *Armies*, still his *Strength* he held.

Strength, ſtrength it is, with an undaunted heart
To ſee *Right* beaten, *Innocence* purſued,
Integrity betray'd by *fawning Art*,
The Spring of Power by wild *ſtreams* ſubdued:
To ſcorne proud *Chance*, and hug juſt *Truth*, although
Poore ſhe nought but her *naked ſelfe* can ſhow.

Her did he hugge in his hearts *Cabinet*
Beyond the reach of fatal *Naſebies* plunder:
Though all his other *Holds* their copies ſet,
They ne'r could move *this Caſtle* to ſurrender.
Yet ſince the *Engliſh* perſecute her ſo,
He meanes to trie what *Scots* for *Truth* will do.

Unhappy *Scots!* who now bluſh not to be
Falſe unto Truth: who teach the World what Price
They ſet on *Kings:* who put their Loyaltie
Into their purſe: who to their *Avarice*,
And *fellow-Rebels*, their great *Maſter* ſell,
That *Judas* might not want a Parallel.

From Jaile to Jaile the *royall Sufferer*
Is thus by *freedoms monſtrous Patrons* toſt.
Nor may his deareſt *Queen* or *Children* bear
His Deſolation company: the moſt
Favor his Subjects grant him, is, that yet
Him from *Himſelf* the Ax forbears to cut.

All elſe they teare away, not leaving thoſe
Whoſe *ſacred Office* might his *Prayers* aſſiſt.
O worſt of helliſh Barbariſme! by whoſe
Black art, unleſſe *Charles* can be *King* and *Prieſt*,
He muſt be both from his *three Kingdomes* driven
Here upon Earth, and from the *fourth in Heaven.*

But his brave Soule was fortifi'd too well
To yeild her holy fort of Pietie.
All elſe he granteth; yet denieth ſtill
To ſacrifice the envied Altar: He
Holding, what yet he might not uſe, maintains
His *Realm of Goodneſſe*, and *in Cariſbrook reigns.*

He reignes: and though his Foes He could not, yet
His nobler ſelf He conquers; and in high
Triumph looks downe from *Conſtancies* brave ſeat
On the vaſt Ruines of that *Majeſty*
Which lately flouriſh'd in full glory on
His *Britiſh* and his *Iriſh* potent Throne.

He curſes not, but ſlights *falſe fortune*, and
Remembers that *three Crownes* leſſe princely are
Than *Chriſtian reſolution*, which dares ſtand
The fury ev'n of *Reformations Warre*.
O *glorious virtue*, which could *glory ſpare*,
And higheſt gaines from deepeſt loſſes teare!

What though's betrayed *Sword* appear'd too weak
To vindicate his Honour? yet his *Pen*
Doth all the *Rebels* proudeſt Conqueſts break;
And oh how much more than his *Britain* win!
For all the *world* now bowes down to the look
Of his illuſtrious moſt triumphant *Book*.

That *Booke*, on which *aſtoniſhment* muſt dwell
For evermore: whilſt every Reader there
Beholds what miracles of worth did ſwell
The *Authors* Soule. Nor ſhall his *Murderers* dare
(Though bloudy malice at his life repines)
Not to admire and love Him in his *lines*.

But now his Foes worſt envie he foreſtalls,
And *lives in Heav'n* before they force him thither:
For up He climbs when on his knees He falls,
And by his *Meditations*, together
With *Saints* and *Angels* doth adore that *God*
Whoſe noble path of *ſuffrings* here he trod.

Him he adores, and to his *mercy* ſues
In *their* behalfe, who none to Him would ſhow.
He ſweetly minds Him of thoſe barbarous *Jews*
Upon whoſe ſpight down with his bloud did flow
His pitying pray'rs: And why ſhould *mine*, ſaies He,
More than *thy wrongs*, deer *Lord*, revenged be?

Surely

Surely were *Rebels* not their owne worſt Foes;
They would permit this *royall Saint* to live,
And pray for their demerits pardon, whoſe
Unhappy hearts were too too dead to ſtrive
For life eternall. But alas, it grieves
The wretched *Members* that their *Head* but lives.

His *holy life* their *ſcandall* is, and He
Is ſo *unſufferably good*, that they
No ſuch example can endure to be
A check to their owne guilt. Beſides, no way
They had with free and ſafe convenience in
The *Lyons* life-time to divide his *skin*.

Thus through the People-cheating Pageantry
Of ſpecious formall *Court*, and *Judge*, and *Barre*,
(That He might mock'd, as well's oppreſſed die)
He convoy'd is to his laſt Theatre:
Where how he *acts* his *Paſſions part*, may *they*
Who to this Martyrdome did bring him, ſay;

Say, *Wretches*, was *Deaths* bloudy *face* to him
So dreadfull as the *thought* of it to you?
Of's *Scepter* did he e'r ſo tender ſeem
As of the *Ax*? taught he not Princes how
To reigne in death, when he gave ſtrait command
Not that his *Throne*, but *Blocke* ſhould firmly ſtand?

And wiſh'd he not *that Block* had higher been,
That all bloudthirſty eyes that thither came,
Might their deare draught have had, and fully ſeen
How little he aſhamed was of *ſhame*?
Yet though thus low, it ſerv'd him for his ſtep
From earth to heav'ns high kingdome to get up.

Such power at laſt has *holy patience*, that
Her deadlieſt Foes ſhe can compell to be
Her greateſt Servants, and make every Plot
Of ſpight advance her own felicity.
For know, *miſtaken Murderers*, that you did
Put on his *Crowne*, when you took off his *Head*.

And now his *Houſes* may his *Lands divide*,
And reap the fruit of thoſe *Diviſions* they
Spred through his Realms: Now atheiſtik *Pride*
The groundwork of Confuſion may lay
On *proſperous Villany*, and call *God* in
Bycauſe he ſcourges not, to owne their ſin.

The *Covenant*, and its *Independent ſpawn*
May now blaſpheme with credit, having brought
Their *ſeven years holy Work* to end, and drawn
The *Rubrick* of their *pure Religion* out
Of their own *Soveraigns veins*: They now together
On horſeback got, may ride----O ſay not whether.

Their Triumphs they may read, and ſee how they
Have by one ſingle univerſal Blow
Cut down Religions moſt reſolved *Stay*;
Broke the eſtabliſh'd *Pillar* of the Law;
Daſh'd out wiſe *Piety*, white *Continence*,
Mild *Majeſty*, and generous *Temperance*.

Surely all *Conqueſts* conquer'd are by this,
But *Pilat's*, and the *Jew's*: Yet they are not
In fault, ſince *Chriſt* himſelf ſecured is
Above the reach of *Ax*, or *Vote*, or *Scot*:
And what could they do more or braver now,
Than murder *Him* in's *Deputy* below,

His *Deputy*, as *Lyon*, and as *Lamb*;
As *King*, and as *betrayed, bought and ſold*?
No; Men could do more; and therefore *Fame*
Muſt do them right: for if their Power could
Anſwer their Courage, they durſt have a fling
At *God himſelf*, bycauſe He is a *King*.

But hark, what fatal *Noiſe* is that which flies
On *terrors* wings, and thunders at the Skie:
Poor *Bradſhaw* now his leave in vain denies.
For though *Charles* might not *ſpeak*, his *Bloud* will *crie*.
It Cries, and fears nor Guns, nor Trumpets throats,
Nor the more barbarous Roar of *Rebels Votes*.

A ſtronger Realms *Militia* it awakes
Than *He* was robb'd of here; through all the ſphears
With valiant Importunity it breaks,
And ſounds a March to *Vengance*: In *His* ears
Who onely the *true Independent* is
It pleads againſt the *falſe Ones* Salvageneſs.

O deſperate Fools! why, why would you compell
Such *gentle Blond* ſo cruelly to ſpeak?
Why could you not have ſtayed for your Hell,
Till Death had ſent you down: but needs muſt make
Judgment prepare you torments *here*, and frie
Your guilty Soules in Horrors Miſery?

Frie them it will, if this your *Soveraigns Blond*
Makes you not Bluſh: If on your flaming *ſin*
You poure not out a *penitential floud*;
If your moſt trayterous *Ax* you feel not in
Your humbled Breaſts, that there the curſed *Wound*
May upon your own *ſmitten hearts* rebound.

But when it ſhall be lawfull, *not to lie*,
And ſafely give ſublime *Deſert* its due;
When loyall tongues ſhall not prove Traytors by
Th' Allegiance of Praiſes; when the *few*
Shall be more worth than are the *Many*; when
Truth may have leave to be *her ſelf* agen:

Then ſhall true-hearted *Muſes* freely broach
Their richeſt and their moſt heroik Vein
To wait on this *Blonds* ſtreams, and flow in ſuch
A generous and time-defying Strein,
That *Charles* again ſhall *live in ſtate*, and prove
Immortal ſomewhere elſe beſides *Above*.

All Nations then amaz'd ſhall ſtand, to ſee
What *England* had, and needs away would throw:
Then to his Worths illuſtrious Hiſtorie
All pious *Kings* ſhall ſtrive to Schole to go:
In *Wonders* Odours then ſhall nobleſt *Fame*
Enbalme the Glories of His *ſacred Name*.

THE END.